

# Monks, Nice Legs Shame About The Face

Met her on a blind date, helping out an old mate  
Waiting at the corner, she's be dressed in black  
There was I expecting a really tasty bird  
He said she was good looking, I should have doubt his word  
When I saw her there she was a real disgrace  
I thought nice legs shame about the face

I had to take her dancing, I couldn't let her down  
So we caught the bus to the other side of town  
Out upon the dance floor, I wasn't getting far  
So I had a drink with my friends up at the bar  
I asked them what they thought of her they fell about the place  
And they said nice legs shame about her face

She said could we go bowling,  
I said that would be fine  
But when I bought the tickets  
She'd already changed her mind  
She was turning out to be a real hard case  
Nice legs shame about the boat race

Downed a gin and soda, tapped me on the shoulder  
Whispered in my ear it's getting kind of late  
When I took her home we hardly said a thing  
I walked her to the door, expected to go in  
She looked me up and down and really put me in my place  
She said nice legs shame about your face  
Nice legs shame about your face